

## marks

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## marks

by [SatanicDoormat](#)

### Summary

Kinktober Day 2: Hickeys

YEAH JUST HICKEYS OKAY SHUT UP I KNOW

listen I ain't about to do balcony sex that shit's embarrassing to WRITE

caging was...also a no, I ain't that brave champ

knotting? I don't have the mental stamina for a/b/o dude

so have some poly dteam :DDD poor Samsung refrigerator

sub! sapnap switch! (mostly dom??) Dream and dom! George

### Notes

\*sports announcer voice\* we're pulling in to the second day with a single prompt, Hickeys.  
Will the author manage to write at least 1k on this one-word prompt before their spirit

leaves their body? Find out!

basically in this one, it's poly dteam established relationship and the only sub is sapnap.

Dream is a bit of a switch, though. No AUs, so they're still yters. have some bottomnap for the soul :D

I tried to focus on all the relationship dynamics equally as best I could! so dreamnap, georgenap, dreamnotfound, yk? I tried to represent a poly relationship the best I could as someone that is monogamous ;-; but I hope you like regardless!!

update: it is now 9 am in the morning, I have not slept at all but its FINE

update 2: there s no think only smut helpawlss, ska

update 3: FUCK SHIT FUCK FUCK FUCK

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Marks.

Sapnap was covered in them. They littered his neck, sprinkled the fat between his thighs, everywhere below and above his torso was fair game.

They were always lingering at the back of his mind. Whenever a fan donated asking for a facecam stream, they would bubble to the surface of his thoughts and Sapnap would have to awkwardly decline, saying "I don't feel up to it" or "my camera's broken and I haven't fixed it yet".

It was even worse when Dream and George were in the same call, or even the same room. Because then he would have to deal with the knowing chuckles and titters, the "yeah, Sapnap's too tired to turn on facecam, right? He barely slept at all last night," and he couldn't even call them out on their bullshit because it was literally *their fault* that he hadn't slept. Dream had been slamming him into the mattress so hard he could still feel it, George leaving those pesky marks on every spare inch of skin. And of *course* he couldn't *say* that, so he would just swallow his bitterness and nod along.

Sapnap couldn't even mouth off to them at all during streams, because then George would make an excuse to leave, walk down the hall, and blow him until he was struggling to hold in his moans. Dream would ask him what was wrong, why he was breathing so weird, the edge of amusement to his voice only discernible if you knew it was there.

Well, he wasn't complaining. He loved his boyfriends, he really did, they were both amazing and the sex was mind-blowing, but Sapnap really wished he could catch a break, facecam every once in a while at least without worrying about someone crouched under his desk sucking him off and "hornynap" or "pornnap" trending on twitter with some really embarrassing screenshot of his eyes rolled back in his head. He could barely even stream normally without being plugged, because George and Dream just *loved* fucking with him.

But every time he brought it up he just ended up getting fucked senseless.

Maybe that was why he kept bringing it up.

With all the shit Dream and George pulled during streams purely to torture him, he was genuinely surprised they hadn't been outed yet. It was so, *so* frustrating. Sapnap considered trying to get them back, but quickly dismissed it as the type of thing that would only earn him a couple of hours strapped to his gaming chair with a dildo vibrating in his ass and a cock ring.

Which brings us to today, because he was fed up.

Sapnap sighed, finishing the last touches on a video, and deciding to ask again about the facecam thing. One more time.

After the latest barrage of “I miss sapnap :(”, “when is sapnap gonna stream with facecam again?”, “where is sapnap”, “I miss saps face D:”, tweets, so many this time that Sapnap had actually trended for a bit and his friends started tweeting about it ironically (including George and Dream, because they thought they were *so* funny) Sapnap knew that he really needed to stream with facecam. No matter what the repercussions may be. Which was why he was prepared to barter, or *something*, with his boyfriends. Before Sapnap streamed, he had to extract promises from both of them that they wouldn't mess with him, which meant that he'd have to offer something more valuable than the chance to fuck around during a rare facecam stream.

But he'd cross that bridge when he came to it.

Sapnap got up, walking across the room and opening the door to the hallway. He followed the sounds of bickering to the living room, where George and Dream stood arguing next to an overturned chessboard with pieces strewn everywhere.

“You're just pissed 'cause I finally won for once, asshole! I got a checkmate, fair and square, you can't just flip the board every time you get mad!” George shouted.

“No, you fucking didn't! I saw you swap your king and your rook!” Dream retorted testily.

“You’ve played chess for a fucking *decade*, and you’re telling me you don’t know what *castling* is?”

“Because it’s not a thing!”

“ *Yeah, it-* “

Sapnap cleared his throat awkwardly, shifting from foot to foot.

George and Dream’s heads whipped towards him, then back at each other.

Dream grinned sheepishly. “Hey, Sappy-nappy. How’s it going? Did you finish editing?”

George smiled guiltily as well. “Yeah, what’s up?”

“Do you guys ever stop arguing?” Sapnap plopped down on the couch nearest George, yawning. “Yeah, I finished. I actually gotta ask you two something, but if you’re busy, I can come back later.”

“No, we’re not busy.” both responded almost simultaneously. George surreptitiously kicked the chessboard away.

It was funny how Dream and George sometimes seemed to act like one person, although they were literally the most different people Sapnap knew.

“Uh, okay. Well, I’ve been thinking, I want to stream with facecam for a bit next week.” Sapnap began, stretching before continuing.

“And, um,” he stuttered. It was really distracting, the way George and Dream were looking at him intently. “I, uh, I-can you guys not, like, mark me up or anything this week? And can you promise not to mess with me during my stream?” he finished, feeling a bit stupid that he had even bothered to ask.

Dream raised an eyebrow, glancing sideways at George, a playful smirk growing on his face. “So, let me get this straight, Sap. You want us not to mark you up, you want to stream on your own, unbothered, without us doing anything at all?”

Sapnap shivered. “Uh, yeah. If that’s okay. I mean, I could just, y’know, not...”

“No, that’s totally fine.” George grinned innocently, sharing a conspiratorial look with Dream. “Don’t worry about it. We won’t mark your neck, we won’t mess with you for the week.”

Sapnap’s eyebrows shot up, feeling extremely skeptical. “Really..?”

“Yep.” George popped the *p*, kneeling down to look Sapnap in the eye. Dream plopped down on the couch next to Sapnap, making him feel suddenly very caged in.

“But.” George stated, eyes narrowing in a predatory way.

*Here comes the catch. I knew it.*

“If we do that, we get to do whatever we want to you after that stream. You wanted one facecam stream, right? So we don’t mess with your face, your neck, for a week or so, don’t damage you. A week should be enough for the hickeys we already gave you to fade. You do your stream, and afterwards me and Dream can have our way with you.” George explained.

He sounded like he and Dream had already talked about this, which was...*weird*. It was...almost suspiciously well thought out.

“Wait, wait wait wait.” Sapnap shook his head, raising his hands in a *back up* gesture. “So you don’t mark me, you don’t, like, ruin my voice or anything for a week, and you don’t mess with me during my stream. Right?”

To his side, Dream nodded. “Yup.”

Sapnap swallowed. “Okay, so if I agree, you’ll do that, but I’ll basically be at your mercy after the stream.”

“That’s right.” George assented, smiling.

Sapnap was really tempted to just say yes. It did sound reasonable, but then again, George had a way of making everything sound like a good idea, which had gotten Sapnap into more questionable scenarios than he could count. The primary thing that set off warning signals in his brain was the pre-planned element. The moment he had asked for George and Dream to hold off on marking him, George had proposed his solution, which meant that they had something planned.

Now *that* sent a delightfully terror-filled shiver down his spine.

Sapnap bit his lip in thought, trying to ignore his boyfriend’s intent stares. He wasn’t too worried about the whole “at-our-mercy” thing-Well, he *was*, but he knew he was going to enjoy it. And his boyfriends knew his limits. They wouldn’t do anything he didn’t want, and he loved them for it.

Still, Dream and George always had a way of devising new things that Sapnap would never see coming, even if he did end up enjoying them.

Then again, Sapnap didn’t really feel like doing his stream and then, y’know, *not walking for a week*.

But beggars can’t be choosers, can they?

“Okay, fine. I agree.” Sapnap relented. “Just...don’t mark me up, don’t bug me during my stream, and you can do whatever you want with me afterwards.

Dream grinned mischievously. “Deal.” He shot a sideways glance at George, who matched his expression.

Sapnap groaned. “Am I going to regret this?”

“Probably.” George admitted.

“Nah.” Dream said at the exact same time.

“Please at least tell me what you’re gonna do.” Sapnap pouted, giving George his best puppy eyes, because he knew that George was the weakest to Sapnap’s wheedling.

Instead, George leaned in and kissed him for a long moment before pulling away, smirking. “Just wait, Sapnap. It’s only a week.”

“What do you mean *only* a week? I wanna know now!” Sapnap protested, to no avail. “C’mon, at least let me mentally prepare myself.”

“Hey, why don’t I get kisses from you, George?” Dream whined, ignoring Sapnap and reaching over to George and tugging him in for an even longer kiss that Sapnap patiently waited out.

George sighed when Dream pulled away. “Shut up, Dream. Ugh, this is going to be torture, we’re not gonna be able to fuck you all week. Not until after your stream, at least.” he complained, plopping down on the couch on Sapnap’s other side and throwing a protective arm around his shoulders.

“I never said that-well, I mean, you can’t ruin my voice or my legs or anything...” Sapnap frowned thoughtfully, snuggling into George’s arm. “Just fuck Dream, then, he likes bottoming every once in a while.”

“True.” Dream assented. “One week, Georgie, and then we can...” he and George exchanged matching meaningful looks.

“Stop doing that.” Sapnap groaned. “It’s literally so annoying. How long have you guys talked about this?”

“Well, we knew you’d have to do a facecam stream eventually. We also assumed that you wouldn’t do one unless you were absolutely sure we wouldn’t mess it up. So, Dream and I talked, and we came up with a solution.” George explained, mussing at Sapnap’s hair with his thumb.

“And you won’t tell me what that solution is.” Sapnap sighed. “You’ve really put a lot of thought into this, haven’t you?”

“Yup.”

The next week passed agonizingly slow. Even though the hickeys on his neck were fading, Sapnap hadn’t counted on how hard it would be to control his own desires, and on the third day, Dream caught him jerking off in his room.

“Sapnap? Sap-“ Dream cracked the door open to check on his younger boyfriend, meeting eyes with a very flushed Sapnap who was thrusting up into his hand.

“Really?” Dream snickered, crossing the room and sitting on the bed next to his boyfriend, kissing him on the cheek. “Poor baby.”

“Shut up, this is hard, okay?” Sapnap whined, breathing shallowly and stopping his motions. “I haven’t gotten anything up my ass in forever and it sucks. I can’t believe I still have four days to go.”

“You wanted this, remember? And it’s only been a few days, hardly forever.” Dream chuckled at Sapnap’s offended pout.

“Doesn’t mean I like it! At least you and George have each other.”

“Yeah, I was getting pounded earlier this morning and it was fucking *amazing*, but I miss fucking you, Sappy. So does he.” Dream commented, lazily threading nimble fingers through Sapnap’s hair.

Sapnap shivered. “Mm, same. I miss being full. I can’t wait till the stream is over.”

Dream snickered quietly, prompting Sapnap to turn his head and look at him. “What?”

“Oh, you’re gonna be *so* full, Sap.” Dream whispered under his breath, barely intelligible.



Sapnap frowned. “What’d you say?”

“Nothing. Nothing at all.” Dream gestured towards Sapnap’s still-hard cock. “Want me to blow you? You look like you need some help.”

Sapnap inhaled, eyes flashing with need. “Um..that should be okay, right? Yeah. *Yeah*, please do.”

Dream grinned. “Alright, Sappy, whatever you say. Can you sit on the edge of the bed?” he pointed, getting up and walking over to the foot of the bed.

Sapnap obeyed quickly, sitting on the edge of the bed in front of Dream, cock completely exposed and upright.

Dream wasted no time, taking Sapnap’s cock into his mouth, licking off precum and swirling his tongue around the head.

Sapnap moaned, clutching the blankets since he hadn’t been given permission to touch Dream’s hair. “Mmm, oh, *finally*, fuck, Dream, *more...*”

Dream went farther down, stroking the base of Sapnap’s cock and sucking as hard as he could.

“*Fuck!*” Sapnap babbled incoherently, head tipping back as he panted. “Oh, *fuck* yes, please !” He felt his release approaching a lot quicker than usual, probably because he wasn’t being touched as often as he was used to and he’d already been touching himself before this.

“God, why are you so good at this, Dream- *Ah!*” Sapnap wailed as Dream hollowed his cheeks and took Sapnap into his throat, the sudden pressure too much to bear.

“Close, holy *shit*- Coming, *coming*, fuck, *fuck*!” Sapnap warned, hips shaking.

Dream pulled off his cock with a lewd pop and stuck his tongue out just in time for Sapnap to come all over his face, closing his eyes as the white, creamy substance splattered on his cheeks and

rolled down his chin, dripping onto the floor.

Dream would always do this, have his boyfriends come on his face, because he loved how it riled them up. And he loved how it would make him feel *used*.

Sapnap panted, falling back onto the bed, cock going limp and sighing. “T..Thank you, Dream. *Mm...*”

“No problem, sweetheart.” Dream smiled affectionately, still on his knees, running a hand through his hair and licking some of the come near his mouth away. He got up to sit on the bed, not really bothering with his messy face.

At that moment, George creaked the door open, raising an eyebrow. “You’re so *loud*, Sapnap. What-“

He took in the sight of Sapnap curling sleepily on the bed, cock still exposed, and then Dream, devilish twinkle in his eye, face absolutely *covered* in come, putting the pieces together in his mind. “You-um,”

“Hey, Georgie.” Dream waved, smiling stupidly and winking.

George stumbled forwards and pushed Dream down onto the bed, cupping his face for a melting kiss, tasting the come left on Dream’s tongue and getting some on his own face and hands.

“God, that is *so fucking hot*.” George groaned, pulling away for a second and admiring the boy beneath him. “Dream, you’re an absolute *whore*, letting Sapnap come on your face.”

“Mmm, you know I love it.” Dream pulled George back in, biting at his lips passionately.

Sapnap yawned on the bed next to them. “Hey, if you guys are gonna fuck, can you do it somewhere else? I jus’ came and I’m tired. Also, I might get jealous.” he admitted.

George shrugged, getting up with some difficulty. “Sure, I’ll fuck Dream somewhere else.”

Dream rolled his eyes, standing as well. "See you, Sapnap." he murmured affectionately, kissing the younger boy on the forehead.

"Gross, you're gonna get come on me." Sapnap complained.

"It's literally your come, but okay." Dream shook his head.

George left the room, followed by Dream, making his way to the living room and sitting on the couch.

Dream raised an eyebrow. "What-"

"Shush. Dream, can I fuck you on the couch?" George asked, pushing out his upper lip in an exaggerated pout.

"Sure, I mean, I don't care." Dream shrugged.

George grinned. "Yeah, but do you wanna ride me?"

Dream inhaled sharply, pangs of arousal crawling up his spine. "*Fuck* yeah I do."

"Then bend over so I can prep you, Dream." George smirked, patting the couch next to him.

Dream winced. "Actually, uh, about that." Dream shed his pants and boxers quickly, bending over and spreading his ass cheeks so George could see the tell-tale pink rubber end of a butt plug.

"Holy shit." George snickered, reaching out with his thumb to press the toy deeper into Dream, who whined softly. "You're such a fucking whore, did you have this in *all day*?"

"Yep." Dream admitted. "Ever since you fucked me this morning. It vibrates, too, I had the remote with me. I just...I don't *know*, I wanted to get fucked again. Call me crazy for wanting your cock,

George.” he pouted.

“Where’s the remote?” George asked, an evil idea forming in his brain.

“Oh, come on, *don’t*, I wanna ride you-“

“Where?”

Dream pointed down towards his pants with one hand unhappily, ass still spread open. ”Remote’s in there.”

“Don’t move. Keep yourself spread, Dream.” George ordered, extracting the matching pink remote from Dream’s sweatpants.

He examined the controls. It was a pretty simple one-to-five levels type of thing. Out of curiosity, he hit four, expecting it to be pretty slow.

The reaction was instantaneous.

“*Ahh!*” Dream screamed out suddenly, shaking and nearly falling over. “Fuck *fuck* fuck that’s so *fucking high-* “

George could actually see the plug vibrating in Dream, moving so fast it was nearly a blur. He felt himself getting hard, the sounds his boyfriend was making completely irresistible. Sometimes he forgot how hot it was when Dream bottomed for him.

“Wow, that is a powerful vibrator.” George remarked smugly. “Only a slut like you would buy this, Dream.”

Dream continued to scream and moan, ignoring George’s comment. “Fuck *right there*, it’s right there, that’s so fast, *fuck fuck* holy *shit* I can feel it -god I need it bad, I need it *hard-* “

George turned the setting to five, paying no attention to Dream’s frantic begs.

“ *George!!* Georgie, baby, *please-*“ Dream wailed, collapsing and crumpling on the carpet, knees shaking and weak. “ *Fuck, fuck me ,fuck me, fuck -harder, harder, harder -*“

“Someone’s enjoying themselves.” George paced around Dream’s quivering body, admiring him.

“ God that feels *amazing-* fuck, *faster, faster -*“ Dream sobbed, “More, *more*, I need to be full, I need your cock to fill me up...” his tongue lolled out of his mouth, Sapnap’s come drying on his face, plug vibrating in his ass, cock leaking onto the carpet-looking every part the whore George claimed him to be.

“ *Harder!!* More, *more*, that’s so fucking good, *Georgie*, please-“ Dream cried out, trembling. “ Please let me ride you, please *slam your cock into me*, fuck me so hard I can’t *breathe, make me feel like your little cock whore-* “

George squatted next to Dream, cupping his ass and reaching for the plug, nearly pulling it out, and then slamming it back in, repeating the motion as fast as he could.

“ George! I want you, I want you so bad, fuck I wanna come, fuck, *fuck, fuck me* , make me come around your cock-“ Dream wailed, dirty, sinful phrases spilling from his mouth like a waterfall.

“You wanna ride me, whore?” George asked smugly, waiting for the final confirmation. He shoved the plug back in again.

“ *Yes!! Fuck yes!!* Georgie, Georgie, Georgie , please just *fuck the life out of me, shit!* ” Dream begged, squirming fervently.

George finally pulled the plug out, hastily undoing his jeans while Dream panted on the floor.

“Shush, whore, Sapnap can hear you. The whole *neighborhood* can hear you.” George snickered, switching off the vibrations and tossing the remote to the side. His cock was already painfully hard from all of Dream’s pretty noises.

George positioned himself lying flat on the couch, motioning for Dream to get up and walk over. “Come sit on my cock, Dream. Facing me.”

Dream obeyed shakily, clambering onto the couch and lowering himself onto George's cock, letting out lewd moans the whole way.

Fucking Dream was so different than fucking Sapnap in so many ways. Dream would battle sometimes, and then sometimes he'd just scream and beg for you to fuck the shit out of him, unafraid to speak his desires. Sapnap was just as loud, but in a different way. You couldn't make Dream beg because he was never ashamed, not afraid of saying or doing the dirtiest, most whorish things to get his way, which was amazing sometimes because he would literally be willing to fuck himself with a dildo in front of you, making himself come over and over and over again until he collapsed in a pool of his own come and drool, even then still trying to milk every last drop out, eyes glassy with want. No, the only way you could torture Dream was by denying him release. And Dream could somehow switch from moaning, begging whore so quickly to pinning Sapnap down and fucking his throat until he choked, or slamming him into the mattress, it sometimes gave George whiplash.

Sapnap, on the other hand, was so much more fun to play with. You could watch him unravel under you, forced to beg and plead, overstimulate him, edge him, until he was begging and screaming for mercy. He would whine, he would cry, he would try to entice you into giving him what he wanted, and he was so fun to punish and play with on stream.

George loved them both so much it made his head spin.

"Oh..." Dream let out a shaky moan as he took the last few inches of George into his ass, eyes rolling back. "You're so fucking big..."

George grinned, slapping Dream's ass. "Cockslut."

"Mmmm..." Dream slurred, licking his lips. "Want you to come in me, want you to make me burst with your come, Georgie." he stuttered out, rolling his hips and moaning. His cock leaked onto George's shirt, staining the fabric.

Dream hoisted himself up, then bounced back down, whining. He repeated the motion slowly, changing the angle every time.

"*Ahh!!*" Dream wailed suddenly, George's cock spearing his prostate right in the center. "There, *shit-*" he began to bounce up and down, eyes rolling up, going as fast as he could. "*Mmmmm!*"

George groaned, the tight, warm pressure on his cock finally breaking his restraint. He reached out and grabbed Dream's hips, lifting him up and slamming him down.

"Fuck!! *Harder, harder!!*" Dream screamed, moaning frantically. "Yes, fuck, Georgie, *fuck me, oh god-*" George thrust as hard as he could upwards, slamming Dream down again, and Dream came all over George's shirt, wailing and seeing stars.

George kept fucking into him, overstimulating Dream, who clutched his shirt and moaned, drooling. "*Ah! Ah, more!* So much, so much, ah, *ah-*"

"Fucking whore, you've already come and you still want my cock, huh? Want me to come in you?" George grunted, nearing his release. "You gonna come again? Dumb little cock whore, you'll do anything to get fucked."

With a yell, he buried inside Dream, spilling over and pumping come into his ass.

Dream screamed at the intoxicating full feeling, coming all over the place once again, bright stars eclipsing his vision.

A few minutes later, with all the strength left in his arms, George hoisted Dream off him.

Dream slumped on the couch tiredly, closing his eyes. "Mmm..that was really, really good." he mumbled.

George was tempted to do the same, lie down and sleep, but he knew he couldn't. "Mhm, it was, Dream. Hey, Dream, we gotta get cleaned up." He leaned over, sitting up. "Aw, my shirt is ruined." George frowned, pulling it off. "Dream, I don't think you want to go to sleep with my come in your ass and Sapnap's on your face, do you?"

"Mm...don't mind." Dream muttered sleepily, yawning.

"Dream." George leaned over, kissing Dream on the nose. "We gotta shower. C'mon, babe. It's noon."

Dream shook his head, snuggling into the couch.

“God *damn*it, Dream, don’t make me bring Sapnap in here to carry you.”

Dream merely yawned in response, shoving his blond hair between the cushions.

“Sapnap!” George yelled, hearing a faint *What? Coming!* from a few rooms away. A minute later, Sapnap poked his head into the living room.

“Holy *shit*. ” Sapnap’s cheeks reddened as he saw Dream, literally covered in come, sweat, and drool, with George’s come dripping out of him, a pink butt plug and remote discarded nearby, asleep on the couch. “What did you-*holy fuck*. ” Sapnap stammered, blushing ruby red. “I heard him screaming from my room, but- *fucking hell* , you *wrecked* him.”

“Yeah. He’s tired, but we have to clean up. C’mon, you big baby.” George (also completely naked) grabbed one of Dream’s arms, motioning for Sapnap to grab the other.

After another moment of stunned silence, he did, and they made their way to the bathroom like some kind of scuffed three-legged race, Dream between them.

“This is so unfair.” Sapnap complained, turning on the bathtub and heaving Dream inside. “ I wanna get my brains fucked out, too.”

“You asked for this.” George pointed out, stepping inside the shower with Dream, who stirred, leaning into the warm water.

“Would you two stop bringing that up?” Sapnap huffed. “You know that our subscribers would hunt me for sport if I didn’t do a facecam stream soon.”

“Yeah, they probably would.” George assented. “I mean, you could’ve just done a stream with hickies-“



“Shut the fuck up. I literally cannot stand you.” Sapnap grumbled.

George leaned in to kiss Sapnap sweetly on the lips. “Four days, Sappy-nappy.”

“It better be worth the wait.”

“ *Oh, trust me, it will.*”

Four terrible, slow days of waiting later, Sapnap’s facecam stream finally arrived. Ever since he tweeted out that he was doing one, people had been hyped for it, and he was at about twenty thousand viewers.

Sapnap started the stream off normally at around five o’ clock, waving timidly at the camera and trying his best not to think about what George and Dream were going to do to him.

About half an hour in, he began to relax, deciding to go on Hypixel and play some Bedwars, which inevitably led to George and Dream joining his call and making about four dozen dirty jokes about “Bedwars” and how much better they were at it, saying they were going to destroy him, which was innocuous enough without context, but for Sapnap, who knew what was going to happen after the stream, it was very, very uncomfortable.

Or maybe it was just his imagination. God, was this getting to him.

Sapnap decided to open up some new worlds and try a few speedruns to take his mind of things.  
*Two hours. Two hours, and then you’re done.*

His boyfriends remained in the call. Well, he couldn’t very well ask them to leave, could he? Luckily, for the most part, they both remained silent, only piping up to comment on his gameplay or laugh at a mistake every once in a while.

Finally, finally, his stream hit the two hour mark. A notification popped up on his PC that it was seven o’ clock.

Sapnap tried not to let his excitement show, instead faking a yawn and smiling at his webcam,

closing the Minecraft tab. “Guys, I think I’m gonna turn in. I’m pretty tired, I did a lot of work today.”

“Sapnap, isn’t it like seven? How are you tired?” George snickered. “Where you are, I mean.” No one knew they lived together, so they had to avoid slip-ups like that.

“Leave me alone, George.” Sapnap pouted. “I’m productive, unlike you.”

“Oh, sure, mister *five fucking videos*—”

“Hey, don’t swear on my stream, George!”

Dream wheezed loudly. “Yeah, it’s Sapnap’s bedtime. You’re being a bad influence.”

“Shut up, it is not, I’m an adult.” Sapnap rolled his eyes. “Anyway, uh, thanks for coming to the stream, guys. Bye!”

He clicked the stop streaming button, sighing audibly with relief and slumping back in his gaming chair.

Sapnap suddenly felt really tense, nervousness welling in his gut. *So do I just wait here, or...*

He sat for a few moments before standing, pacing around his room nervously and sitting on the bed before taking a deep breath, jumping up and exiting his room.

It was...suspiciously quiet. Sapnap almost felt like he was in one of those cheap horror flicks, that one cocky guy who goes and explores the haunted house first to prove he’s not a wimp and gets dismembered or something.

Or in Minecraft, creeping through a thickly wooden forest, wary of every rustle and sound around him, sword in hand.

Sapnap made his way to the living room, looking around for his boyfriends, which were nowhere

in sight.

He passed by Dream's room, which was dark, and decided to check if anyone was in there.

"This is so fucking clichéd." he said aloud, in case anyone could hear him.

Sapnap pushed the door open, reaching in to flip on the lights before remembering that when Dream soundproofed his room, he accidentally covered the light switch, so instead of doing what any normal person would do and re-soundproofing the room, he rewired the lights so that the light switch was next to his bed. Said it was easier that way, although he spent literal hours setting it up.

Sapnap swallowed, feeling ridiculously paranoid. He stepped inside, making sure to leave the door open, nearly tripping over the foot of Dream's bed.

"Dream, George, this literally isn't funny." he called, reaching for the light switch, fingers brushing it-

And someone lunged on him, pushing him down to the bed, wheezing loudly.

Sapnap yelped loudly before recognizing Dream's laugh.

"You guys are the fucking worst." he complained, trying to squirm out of Dream's grip. "Can you actually turn the lights on now?"

Someone flipped the switch-Sapnap couldn't see who it was, but he assumed it was George.

Dream had Sapnap caged between his arms, feet dangling off the bed.

"Dream, let me up." Sapnap protested, staring into devilish green eyes.

"No." Dream smirked. "We're having our way with you, Sappy-nappy."

Sapnap gulped. In his ridiculous paranoia, he'd nearly forgotten about that.

George sprawled on the bed next to Sapnap. Sapnap noted neither of them were wearing shirts.

"You sure you're not too tired for this, Sapnap? You sounded pretty tired during the stream." George teased, running a hand through Sapnap's hair.

"Uh, no?!" Sapnap leaned into George's hand as well as he could. "I haven't been fucked in a week, you think I'm gonna pass this up?" he whined, unable to keep the needy undertone out of his voice. "By the way, please fuck me."

"We still gotta prep you, Sap." Dream whispered before finally pulling away, winking. "Not yet."

"Mmm, I almost forgot that I can do this now." George smiled before shifting positions and nipping at Sapnap's neck savagely, leaving purplish marks everywhere he could.

"Ah!" Sapnap squealed at the sensation, writhing. His neck was really sensitive, and since it hadn't been given attention in a week, he'd kind of forgotten about it.

"God, I've missed this." George whispered, leaving slow kisses under his chin, behind his ear, just over his collarbone, before tugging at his shirt. "Take that off, Sap."

Sapnap lay there dazed and red before his thoughts cleared and he scrambled to do so, throwing his shirt into a corner.

"Take your pants and underwear off, too." Dream added. "I want to see you. All of you."

Sapnap flushed and complied, tossing the other garments away and sitting up on the edge of the side of the bed, facing Dream, expression half eager, half embarrassed. His cock still lay at half-mast.

Dream sighed and pulled him in for a long kiss, caressing his cheeks and hair.

“Sapnap, sit up against the headboard.” George directed after Dream pulled away.

Sapnap crawled across the bed awkwardly to do just that, putting his arms behind his head.

“George, do you want to suck him off, or should I?” Dream asked, sitting down on the other side of his youngest boyfriend.

“He’s just going to come on your face again, and you’ll be a mess, and then you won’t want to clean up and you’ll taste like come.” George complained.

Dream shrugged.

“Wait, guys, aren’t you gonna fuck me?” Sapnap asked, feeling mildly panicked.

“Duh.”

“Then why are you-“ Sapnap asked, confused.

George smiled sadistically, cupping Sapnap’s face in his hands. “Sapnap, you’re gonna come as many times as we want you to tonight, pretty boy, because I know you can handle it, and you’re in our control, remember?”

Sapnap shivered and nodded, feeling his cock twitch. He hadn’t even realized he was hard.

“Dream, you can suck him off as long as you swallow.” George called. “I wanna kiss him. Put your arms behind your back, Sap.”

Sapnap obeyed hesitantly, and Dream nodded assent, lying on his stomach so he was adjacent to Sapnap’s cock without crushing his legs. “Why do I have to swallow?” he pouted, pretending to be annoyed.

George arranged himself so he was off to the other side, but still had a good angle for kissing.

“Because I’m always the one who has to clean come off your whore face and out of your ass when

you fucking pass out, Dream.” he shot back jokingly.

All three shared a laugh. “Okay, that’s fair.” Dream conceded, taking Sapnap’s cock in his mouth and stopping any further conversation.

“ Ah- *Mmm!*” Sapnap moaned, cut off by George forcing his mouth on Sapnap’s, swallowing the noise.

The funny thing was, both George and Dream had very different styles of kissing, and the styles contrasted greatly with their personalities.

Dream, contrary to his mischievous demeanor, would always kiss slow and passionate, maybe shoving his tongue in Sapnap’s mouth to catch him off guard every once in a while, but altogether very sweet.

George was a lot rougher, forcing Sapnap’s chin this way and that, biting at his lips, forcing his tongue inside and exploring Sapnap’s mouth, leaving him dazed. Both were just as loving, only in different ways.

Dream sucked and licked at Sapnap’s cock, and George swallowed all the noises the youngest boy made, kissing him hard and rough and then soft to placate him, before going back to rough, occasionally pulling away to breathe and admire Sapnap’s blissed-out expression.

Dream went down a little lower, sucking the head powerfully in a way that made Sapnap try to throw his head back and eyes roll upwards, although he was held in place by George. He strained a little bit, battling against himself to not move his arms, bucking his hips ever so slightly.

George pulled away, amused. “Feels good?”

Sapnap nodded, lips puffy, eyes dazed. “Yeah, feels fuckin’ amazing, please give me more-  
*Mmmph!*”

Dream swallowed Sapnap to the base, nose flush with his groin, cheeks hollow and head bobbing up and down.

Sapnap's moans were getting louder, more lewd, less muffled.

Taking that as a sign he was close, George pressed closer, kissing him with a renewed fervor, not wanting to miss the chance of kissing him while he came.

Dream sucked harder. Sapnap wailed into George's mouth, crying out loudly as he released down Dream's throat.

True to his word, Dream swallowed, sucking him through it until Sapnap was shaking with overstimulation.

Sapnap whined tearfully, moving his arms to hug George to his chest and burying his face in his chest, hiccuping. "St-sto' Dream-no, no more--"

Dream finally pulled off. Sapnap sighed with relief, slumping down against George.

George patted Sapnap's hair soothingly. "You did good, Sappy-nappy, but we aren't finished yet."

The youngest boy blinked through the white haze that accompanied his orgasm, nodding dazedly. "Mmmmm..." He probably would've fallen off the bed if George hadn't been holding him up.

"Can you get on your knees in the middle of the bed, Sap?" Dream asked, wiping his mouth with a grin and a twinkle in his eye, absolutely nothing about his expression indicating that he'd just sucked his boyfriend off and swallowed his come, tone completely neutral and nonchalant.

Sapnap did just that (with a little help from George, who scooted next to him), resting his head on the blankets and pointing his ass in the air in an attempt to get as comfortable as possible, barely lucid because of the lingering fog coating his mind.

Dream reached over to the bedside table, picking up a bottle of lube. "Now, Sappy-nappy, you're gonna need a lot of prep, so I don't want to hear you whining or complaining, sweetie." He squeezed some lube onto his fingers, rubbing them together to warm the substance up a little.

"Why?" asked Sapnap, finally recovering at least a little from his recent high. "Can't you just fuck

me with like, two fingers?” he pointed out. “I don’t mind a bit of stretch, I just want to be fucked, I’m fine. Just because I haven’t taken anything in a week-“

George grabbed Sapnap’s cock from next to him, immediately cutting off his ramble with a high-pitched, still slightly oversensitive whine. “Shh, baby. Should we tell him?” he asked Dream, letting go of Sapnap.

“Tell him what-? Oh, that, I mean we’re literally about to do it, so, sure.”

“Wh-?” Sapnap mumbled, cock throbbing. “Is this the thing you planned?”

“Yup.” George smirked. “The reason why you’re gonna need plenty of prep is because we’re both gonna fuck you. At the same time.” he stated bluntly.

*At the same-?*

It took a second to sink in with the fog clouding Sapnap’s thoughts.

Sapnap inhaled quickly, choking on his breaths. “At the-“ He felt himself getting hard again at the very thought of Dream and George slamming into him, not one but both in his ass, imagining how full he would be-

“Fuck...” he swore, cock twitching and leaking onto the sheets. “Hurry up, then.”

Dream smirked, slipping one finger into his ass. “You’re in for a treat, huh? We’re gonna make you come so many times you won’t even be able to see straight. Or walk.”

Sapnap yelped in surprise, having forgot what it felt like having something in his ass, but welcoming the somehow new but also familiar feeling.

George smacked Sapnap’s ass lightly, prompting the younger to squeak again. “You want something to do with that mouth, Sapnap?” Without waiting for a response, George shifted across the blankets until he was kneeling over Sapnap, navel at around his eye level, undoing his jeans.



Dream added another finger, slowly stretching him open, drawing a surprised “Ah!” from Sapnap, who was focusing on George kicking his boxers off, his hard cock springing free.

George wasted no time in guiding his cock between Sapnap’s lips, sighing with relief at the much-needed friction. He thrusted shallowly in and out, careful not to choke his boyfriend, knowing that’d probably be a bit too much.

Sapnap moaned loudly around George’s length, sending pleasure-filled vibrations down it, and George looked up to see Dream adding a third finger, stretching carefully and methodically to make sure they would both fit.

Sapnap panted, trying his best to breathe and suck George’s cock at the same time, no easy feat.

George took pity on him, sliding his spit-slick cock out of Sapnap’s mouth. “Dream, are you done?” he asked, patting Sapnap on the head.

”Nearly.” Dream answered. “Just one more finger, I think.” Dream increased the speed of his pumping fingers, ripping choked sounds from Sapnap’s throat.

He slipped one last finger in, accidentally brushing against Sapnap’s prostate, unleashing a low, lewd series of moans.

“That feel good, Sap?” Dream asked, amused. “You’re opening up all nice for us, slut. Soon we’re gonna fuck you, ‘kay? How’s that sound?” He rubbed viciously against Sapnap’s prostate again, the same spot he did last time, and Sapnap wailed into he blankets.

”God, *fuck* me-“ Sapnap drooled onto the sheets and mattress, leaking cock and mouth both leaving wet spots on the comforter.

George ruffled his hair. “One minute, love.”

A few moments later, Dream stretched his fingers one last time before nodding and slipping them out. “Yep, he’s ready.” He and George grinned wolfishly at each other before turning their attention to Sapnap.

“Finally.” Sapnap moaned. “I feel like I’m about to come already, fuck...”

George sat by the headboard, leaning against it and beckoning Sapnap to come over. Sapnap did so on shaky legs. George grabbed the lube bottle from Dream, pouring a healthy amount on his cock and signaling Sapnap to sink down.

Sapnap lowered himself on George’s cock and moaned wantonly, back flush with George’s chest. “*Fuck*, I’m never going that long without your cock in me again...that’s so, *so* good-!”

Dream, having already lubed himself up and kicked off his pants, climbed over so his legs were intertwined with George’s and lined up with Sapnap’s hole as well, pushing in very, very slowly.

”Oh, *fuck!*” Sapnap screamed out, as the burning pleasure spread through his entire body, making him weak in the knees. “*Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck-ahh*, oh, *ahh!!*” As Dream bottomed out, Sapnap wailed and came, thrashing in the embrace of his two lovers, feeling so, *so* full.

George regarded him with amusement. “So, all it took was our cocks, huh?”

Sapnap couldn’t even speak, couldn’t escape the pleasure, half didn’t want to. He was in heaven, floating on top of the clouds.

“Move. *Please*.” he managed to croak out.

Dream went first, groaning as he slammed into the smaller boy, thrusting up as hard as he could and ripping a hysterical sob out of Sapnap. George went next, setting a rhythm, hitting Sapnap’s prostate head-on.

”Ah!! So big, so *much*, *more*, *more*-“ Sapnap panted like a dog, tears spilling out of his eyes.

His boyfriends went even faster, chasing their own releases. George came first, moaning lowly as he spilled over into Sapnap, Dream following suit shortly afterward, head slumping onto Sapnap’s shoulder. Sapnap screamed as loud as he could, coming dry, throat spent and rubbed out.

They slumped over in a sweaty heap, George slowly pulling out of Sapnap, Dream falling backwards and cock slipping out on its own.

Sapnap lay there sobbing quietly, cock red and pushed to the limit, ass stretched beyond belief, come pouring out of him.

George rolled over to hug Sapnap closely, snagging Dream with the other hand. “That was...really good.” he mumbled, smiling woozily.

“Mm.” Sapnap snuggled in, about to pass out. “I liked it a lot, but I’m never waiting that long again.

Dream chuckled. “I mean, you’re covered in marks again. But whatever.”

They fell asleep in a messy, sweaty heap, cuddling each other.

## End Notes

I’m in so much pain pls I barely finished this on time, so thta’s why the ending may seem a bit rushed :(

I have two emotions rn

1.

me, looking at my “hickeys” prompt: Damn how am I gonna write anything

me, looking at my fucking 6.5k whatever smutfic with double penetration, overstim, coming on face, and butt plug: OOPS

2.

me, looking at my meager handful of smutfics: no flavor, they all taste the same >:(  
my fucking medieval au: ...

my masochism impact play dnf: ...

my double penetration poly dteam fic: ...

anyway hope you enjoyed I’m going to go cry

edit: hi. don't crosspost any of my works to ANYWHERE. thanks.

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